

BLACK DIAMOND
WESTERN

JUNE
NO.56

APPROVED
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COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

10¢

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN



LEV GLEASON PUBLISHER AND EDITOR



EASY, MEN!
INVESTIGATE
BEFORE YOU
INVEST!

DON'T LISTEN
TO THIS FAKER!
HE WANTS TO GRAB
THE MINE FOR
HIMSELF!

BOO!
BOOO!
BOO!

BANK
LOANS

TRADING POST



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

Amazing New Way TO A Slimmer Figure

REDUCING WITH DELICIOUS KELPIDINE CANDY PLAN!

"WE GUARANTEE YOU WILL LOSE UP TO 5 POUNDS IN 5 DAYS* 10 POUNDS IN 10 DAYS* 15 POUNDS IN 15 DAYS* 25 POUNDS IN 25 DAYS* AND KEEP IT OFF" **

*How Fast You Lose Weight Depends Upon How Quickly You Order and How Much You Are Overweight

**You Will Always Want to Keep on Eating Kelpidine Candy—and Keep on the Plan—it KEEPS Weight Off!

THIS CANDY MUST TASTE AS GOOD AS OR BETTER THAN YOUR FAVORITE CANDY OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

take off up to 10 pounds of excess weight in 10 days. (2) to taste better or as good as your favorite candy and to be the best plan you ever followed or you get your money back

Now at last science has discovered a new delightfully thrilling way to take off fat—to lose up to 25 lbs. safely! The secret is that Kelpidine Candy satisfies your craving for high calorie foods! It keeps you from overeating—the reason most doctors give for being fat! It's the best aid to help being fat, cuts your craving for foods!



NO DANGEROUS DRUGS! NO HARSH DIETS!

Here is thrilling news for fat folks! You can lose up to 25 lbs. in 25 days by simply nibbling on tasty appetite satisfying candy, whenever you are tempted to overeat.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T REDUCE TO THE WEIGHT THAT MOST BECOMES YOU!

Thousands of people were amazed to find that this delicious candy plan actually takes off weight—without dangerous drugs, starvation diet, or hard-to-follow methods. Here's one way to reduce that you will want to continue with to keep off fat! The Kelpidine Candy Plan helps you curb your appetite for fattening foods, helps keep you from overeating. Now you reach for a delicious sweet candy instead of fattening food—it kills the over-pawing urge to overeat—to eat between meal-snacks—your craving for rich, fattening foods is satisfied with this candy.

SENSATIONAL TWO-WAY GUARANTEE!

This sweet delicious Kelpidine Candy plan is guaranteed (1) to

SCIENTIFICALLY AND CLINICALLY TESTED!

That amazing ingredient in Kelpidine candy is the most remarkable discovery for fat people ever made. It's been tested by doctors in test-after-test. The results were far better than doctors ever hoped for! The results were reported in medical journals throughout the world! Doctors are invited to write for details.

HERE'S HOW TO REDUCE AND STAY SLIM!

Most people are fat because of overeating—too much high calorie fattening foods—to your amazement you will want to keep on eating this delicious candy even after you have reduced to the weight that most becomes you and you'll keep your weight off that way!

AMAZING DISCOVERY OF SCIENCE!

The Kelpidine Candy Plan is the result of scientific research for years for a new discovery for something that will stop your craving for fattening food and also satisfy your appetite. This delicious candy does not turn into ugly fat. It gives you the same feeling of fullness you have after you have eaten a satisfying meal. It kills your desire to overeat—it kills your craving for bedtime snacks and for in-between meal snacks. It's so safe even a child

IT'S UNHEALTHY TO BE FAT!

Insurance companies and doctors tell everyone that too much fat shortens your life! That people with normal weight live longer! Be fat to yourself! Start taking off ugly fat with delicious tasting Kelpidine Candy plan!

can take it without bad effects. With Kelpidine Candy all you taste is its deliciousness—you can't tell the difference!

KELPIDINE CANDY IS DIFFERENT!

The amazing clinical tested and proven reducing substance contained in Kelpidine Candy is prescribed by many doctors—Don't be misled by imitation products—Kelpidine Candy is the result of scientific research and is the last word in Reducing.

CUT OUT CUT OUT FOODS CUT DOWN ON CALORIES!**

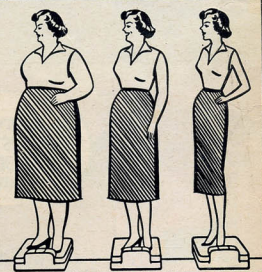
You never starve, you always feel full with Kelpidine Candy plan—You'll never suffer hunger pangs—Your desire for high calorie fattening foods is always satisfied! With Kelpidine Candy you eat the same quantity of foods—you merely cut down on the high calorie rich foods with the help of Kelpidine Candy. You eat as much as you want, your calorie intake will be less—That's the delightful amazing thing!

YOU GET A LIBERAL SUPPLY OF CANDY!

Try the liberal supply of Kelpidine Candy Plan on our 10-day no risk offer. Keep a record of your weight—if you are not pleased with your loss of weight; if you can taste any difference between this candy and your favorite candy—return for refund. Just fill out coupon and mail to AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS Co., Dept. K-298, Candy Division, 318 Market St., Newark, N.J.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You must be entirely satisfied with your loss of weight—This candy must taste as good as or better than your favorite candy—You must get rid of dangerous excess fat or your money will be refunded—Don't delay—You have nothing to lose but excess weight so mail coupon below now!



THIS CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!

WITH THIS DELICIOUS REDUCING CANDY PLAN!

Put this delicious candy plan help you control your desire for fattening food! Let it help you get a step to the habit of overeating—A habit that's so hard to break! Kelpidine candy contains that new discovery many doctors prescribe to help curb your desire to overeat (the main cause of overweight).

\$1.00 TRIAL SAMPLE SIZE!

CUT OUT AND MAIL—NO RISK COUPON NOW!

AMERICAN HEALTHAIDS COMPANY, CANDY DIVISION, Dept. K-298 318 MARKET STREET, NEWARK, N. J.

- I enclose \$1.00, send trial sample size, postage pre-paid!
- Rush a Liberal Supply of Kelpidine Candy plan. I enclose \$3.50, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 75c postage by sending payment with order.)
- Rush a Large Economy Supply of Kelpidine Candy. I enclose \$5.00, send postage pre-paid. (I save up to 90c postage by sending payment with order.)

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____ Sent on Approval

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GOLD FEVER

OUT OF THE SHEER KINDNESS OF MY HEART, I'M GOING TO LET YOU GOOD TOWNSFOLK INVEST IN THIS PRICELESS GOLD MINE STOCK! DON'T PASS UP THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO GET RICH QUICK!

WAIT! WHY INVEST YOUR HARD-EARNED DOLLARS IN WHAT MAY BE A FRAUD? LET ME CHECK THIS STRANGER FOR YOU!

IT'S NO USE TALKING TO THEM, BLACK DIAMOND! THEY HAVE BEEN BITTEN BY THE GOLD BUG... THEY WON'T LISTEN TO YOU!

HOW MUCH STOCK IN THE MINE WILL MY LIFE SAVINGS BUY... MR. RAYMOND?

TAKE MY MONEY, I'M FIRST!

FEW THINGS OUT WEST COULD AROUSE MORE GREED AND DISCONTENT AMONG TOWNSPEOPLE THAN THE CRY OF GOLD! WHEN A PEACEFUL TOWN LIKE REDWOOD CHANGES OVER NIGHT TO A SAVAGE, DOG EAT DOG... FRIEND MISTRUSTS FRIEND, ATMOSPHERE... IT'S TIME FOR BLACK DIAMOND TO GALLOP INTO THE MOST CHALLENGING SITUATION OF HIS CAREER AS HE FIGHTS TO STOP THE RUTHLESS SWINDLERS BEHIND THE OUTBREAK OF GOLD FEVER!

A STAGECOACH ROLLS INTO THE TOWN OF REDWOOD...



FROM THE LOOKS OF THEM FANCY DUDS, THE STRANGERS MUST BE EASTERNERS!

NO HARM IN FINDING OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!

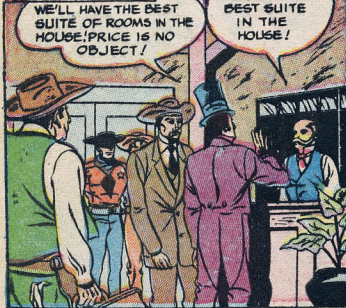


MY GOOD MAN, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN TEN DOLLARS FOR CARRYING THIS VALISE TO THE HOTEL?

HE MUST BE RICH! LOOK AT THAT DIAMOND SPARKLING AWAY LIKE CRAZY!

HOLY SMOKE! A SAWBUCK!

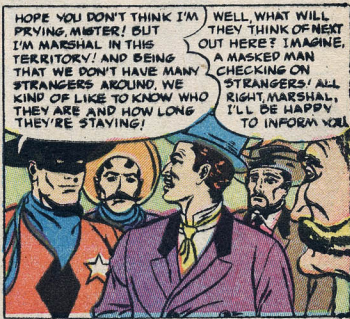
AT THE HOTEL...



WE'LL HAVE THE BEST SUITE OF ROOMS IN THE HOUSE! PRICE IS NO OBJECT!

YES, SIR! THE BEST SUITE IN THE HOUSE!

BLACK DIAMOND APPROACHES THE STRANGERS...



HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M PRYING, MISTER! BUT I'M MARSHAL IN THIS TERRITORY! AND BEING THAT WE DON'T HAVE MANY STRANGERS AROUND, WE KIND OF LIKE TO KNOW WHO THEY ARE AND HOW LONG THEY'RE STAYING!

WELL, WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT OUT HERE? IMAGINE, A MASKED MAN CHECKING ON STRANGERS! ALL RIGHT, MARSHAL, I'LL BE HAPPY TO INFORM YOU!



I'M WEBB RAYMOND! MY COMPANION IS NORTON BLAINE, MINERALOGIST, AND WE BOTH REPRESENT THE EASTERN STAR MINING COMPANY! WE'RE HERE TO LOOK OVER SOME LAND!

SOON AFTER... UP IN RAYMOND'S ROOM...



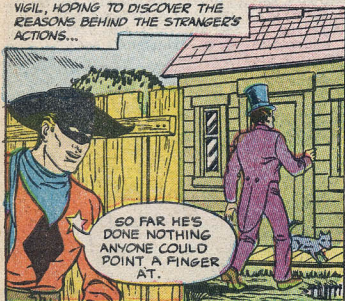
I'M GETTING KIND OF NERVOUS! THAT MARSHAL'S THE SUSPICIOUS TYPE!

I'LL HANDLE HIM IF HE GETS IN OUR HAIR! YOU'VE GOT TO BE SHREWD IN THIS BUSINESS, SO FIRST OF ALL... WE'LL GET THE TOWN ON OUR SIDE!

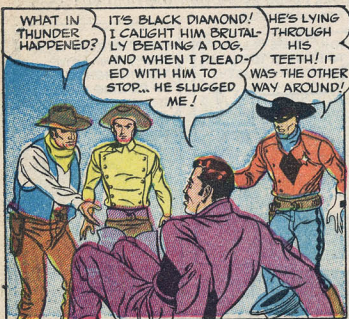
IN THE DAYS FOLLOWING, WEBB RAYMOND SEIZES EVERY OPPORTUNITY TO WIN THE GOOD GRACES OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE...



ONLY ONE FIGURE REMAINS UNIMPRESSED BY RAYMOND'S GALLANTRY! HE KEEPS A CONSTANT VIGIL, HOPING TO DISCOVER THE REASONS BEHIND THE STRANGER'S ACTIONS...



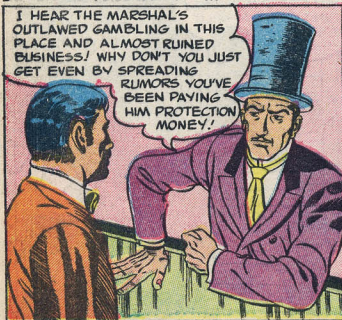
SHORTLY, WHEN A CROWD GATHERS...



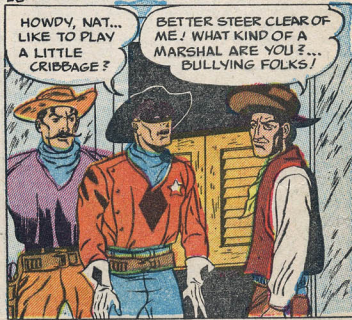
SECONDS LATER, THE SIGHT OF THE DEJECTED BLACK DIAMOND DRAWS WRONG CONCLUSIONS FROM THE WATCHING TOWNSFOLK...



TO FURTHER DISCREDIT HIM...



RAYMOND'S SCHEMING PAYS OFF...



BACK AT RAYMOND'S HOTEL ROOM...

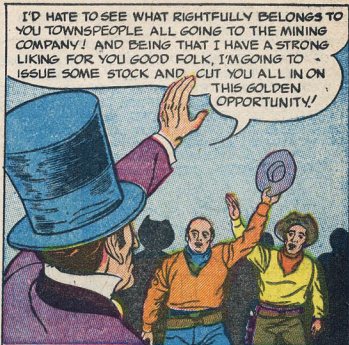


FROM WEBB RAYMOND, THE TOWN OF REDWOOD GETS A SHOCKING BIT OF NEWS...



I'VE BEEN MOST FORTUNATE IN UNCOVERING A RICH DEPOSIT OF GOLD! I'LL HAVE TO WIRE THE MINING COMPANY I REPRESENT OF COURSE!

GOLD, IN A WASTELAND AND IT TOOK A PLUMB-STRANGER TO FIND IT! THIS TOWN NEVER GETS THE BREAKS!



I'D HATE TO SEE WHAT RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO YOU TOWNSPEOPLE, ALL GOING TO THE MINING COMPANY! AND BEING THAT I HAVE A STRONG LIKING FOR YOU GOOD FOLK, I'M GOING TO ISSUE SOME STOCK AND CUT YOU ALL IN ON THIS GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!

SOME OF THE MORE CAUTIOUS WEREN'T QUITE CONVINCED, SO THEY WENT AND LOOKED FOR THEMSELVES...! RAYMOND HAD DONE HIS WORK WELL, THEY CAME BACK CONVINCED...

BACK IN TOWN RAYMOND WAS STAMPEDED WITH EAGER CUSTOMERS...



IT REALLY IS GOLD! I'M GETTING BACK TO TOWN, PRONTO AND INVEST IN SOME OF THAT BEAUTIFUL STUFF!

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT VEIN! IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

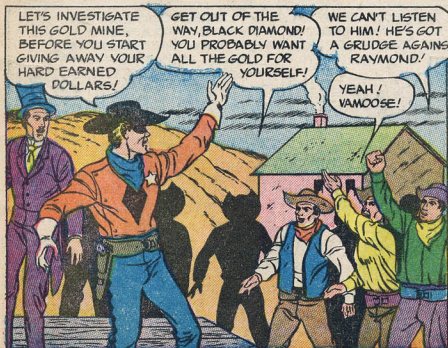


QUIT SHOVING! I'M FIRST!

THERE'S PLENTY FOR EVERYONE!

HERE'S MY DOUGH! GIVE ME TEN SHARES!

WAIT, PEOPLE! LISTEN TO ME!



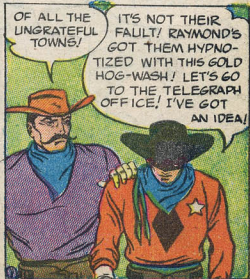
LET'S INVESTIGATE THIS GOLD MINE, BEFORE YOU START GIVING AWAY YOUR HARD EARNED DOLLARS!

GET OUT OF THE WAY, BLACK DIAMOND! YOU PROBABLY WANT ALL THE GOLD FOR YOURSELF!

WE CAN'T LISTEN TO HIM! HE'S GOT A GRUDGE AGAINST RAYMOND!

YEAH! VAMOOSE!

ALMOST MOBBED BY THE GOLD HUNGRY CROWD, BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER LEAVE THE SCENE AGAINST THEIR WILLS...



OF ALL THE UNGRATEFUL TOWNS!

IT'S NOT THEIR FAULT! RAYMOND'S GOT THEM HYPNOTIZED WITH THIS GOLD HOG-WASH! LET'S GO TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

UNSEEN BY BLACK DIAMOND, BLAINE TRAILS TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE...

SEND THIS WIRE, PRONTO! IT GOES TO THE GOVERNMENT POLICE... WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA!...PLEASE CONFIRM IDENTITY OF WEBB RAYMOND, REPRESENTATIVE OF EASTERN STAR MINING COMPANY, AND NORTON BLAINE, MINERALOGIST!

THIS GUY SURE IS MAKING TROUBLE! I BETTER GET BACK TO THE HOTEL AND WARN RAYMOND!



BLAST THAT MEDDLING COWBOY! EVERYTHING WAS FINE, AND WE WERE GOING TO LEAVE TOWN, AFTER SELLING ALL THE STOCK! BUT NOW... WE CAN'T WAIT... WHEN THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN FIND OUT THERE'S NO GOLD, WON'T THEY BE SURPRISED?

TOO BAD WE HAVE TO SCRAM OUT OF HERE WITH-OUT GETTING ALL THE DOUGH!



WHEN THE TOWNSFOLK FIND OUT RAYMOND AND BLAINE HAVE SKIPPED TOWN...

THOSE THIEVING VARMINTS! THIS STOCK AIN'T WORTH THE PAPER IT'S PRINTED ON!

I'VE SUNK MY LAST DOLLAR INTO THAT GOLD MINE, EVEN MORTGAGED MY SPREAD!



BLACK DIAMOND KNEW THEY WERE SWINDLERS ALL ALONG...AND WE WERE TOO THICK-SKULLED TO LISTEN TO HIM!

MAYBE IT'S NOT TOO LATE FOR HIM TO HELP US! LET'S ALL GO AND SEEK A PARLEY!

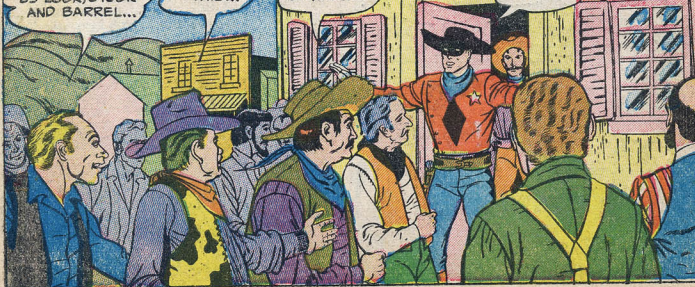


CAN YOU HELP US MARSHAL? THOSE SIDEWINDERS TOOK US LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL...

WE CAN'T LET THOSE CROOKS GET AWAY WITH THIS...

HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET BACK OUR SAVING...?

LISTEN, FOLKS! LISTEN TO THIS TELEGRAM FROM THE WASHINGTON POLICE!





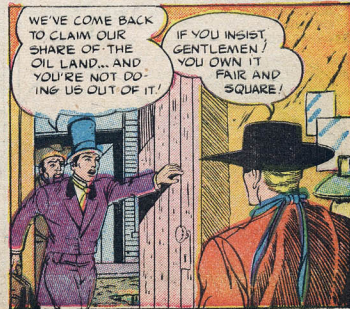
AT THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AGAIN...



IN THEIR HIDEAWAY IN DODGE CITY, BLAINE RUSHES IN WITH THE LATEST PAPERS...



THE NEXT DAY... THE WOULD-BE MILLIONAIRES BARGED INTO BLACK DIAMOND'S OFFICE...



LATER, WHEN THE SWINDLERS LEARNED OF THE DECEPTION WHICH HAD BEEN PLAYED ON THEM...

SO YOU SEE, JUST LIKE THERE'S NO GOLD... THERE'S NO OIL EITHER! IT WAS JUST A LITTLE RUSE TO BRING YOU CHICKEN HAWKS BACK TO THE COOP!



I'M SCRAMMING OUT OF HERE...

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT...



LIKE A LEAPING JACKRABBIT, A GUN SPRINGS INTO BLACK DIAMOND'S HAND...



NOW, YOU COYOTES, SURRENDER... OR MY GUN TALKS!

LATER, THE TOWNSFOLK GATHER

YOU FOLKS ARE MIGHTY FORTUNATE! LOOKS LIKE MOST OF YOUR MONEY IS STILL HERE!

BLACK DIAMOND, YOU PLAYED A SMART GAME! IF NOT FOR YOU, THE PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN WOULD'VE BEEN RUINED!



DON'T WORRY, MARSHAL! WE'LL KEEP THOSE CROOKS TIGHT-LOCKED TILL THE GOVERNMENT PICKS THEM UP FOR TRIAL IN FEDERAL COURT!

HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU, BLACK DIAMOND!



IT'S ENOUGH THANKS FOR ME TO KNOW YOU FOLKS WON'T LET YOUR DREAMS OF SUDDEN RICHES MAKE YOUR GOOD JUDGEMENT RUN AWAY!



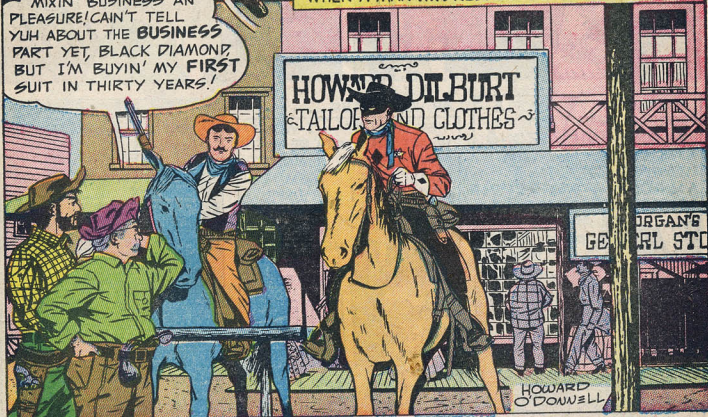
BLACK DIAMOND

in **DRESSED** to **KILL**

LEM AND ZEB HERKIMER!
WHAT'RE YOU TWO DESERT RATS
DOING IN CIVILIZATION?

AS CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN, SO SHROUDS MADE
THE CORPSE...IT ALL DEPENDS ON THE TAILOR
AND ON THE WEALTH OF THE CUSTOMER... AT
LEAST, THAT'S HOW IT WORKED IN LEAD CREEK
WHEN A MAN DRESSED TO KILL!

MIXIN' BUSINESS AN'
PLEASURE! CAIN'T TELL
YUH ABOUT THE BUSINESS
PART YET, BLACK DIAMOND,
BUT I'M BUYIN' MY FIRST
SUIT IN THIRTY YEARS!



IF THE HERKIMER
BOYS ARE GOING
DANDY ON US, THEY
MUST'VE HIT IT RICH
AT LAST!

WAL BUMPER,
I AIN'T SAYIN'
YES..I AIN'T
SAYIN' NO... I'M
SAYIN' I'M BUYIN'
ME SOME SUNDAY
CLOTHES AN' I WISH
ZEB'D DO THE SAME!



COUNT ME OUT, LEM!
THE ONLY TIME I'LL
WEAR SUNDAY CLOTHES
IS WHEN THEY DRESS
ME FUR MY FUNERAL!
YUH GO ON IN AN' GIT
DUDED UP, LEM! I'LL
PALAVER WITH BLACK
DIAMOND!

OKAY,
ZEB!
SEE YUH
AT THE
HOTEL!



B-BANG WHARTON!
 "...YOU HERE? ...DILBURT!
 I THOUGHT YUH RAN A
 RESPECTABLE SHOP!

I DO, LEM!
 AS LONG AS
 BANG BUYS
 HIS DUDS FROM
 ME INSTEAD OF
 STEALING 'EM HE'S
 WELCOME HERE! SIT
 DOWN, LEM!

HOW'RE YUH
 DESERT RATS
 DOIN' THESE DAYS?
 FINDIN' ANY
 FOOLS' GOLD?

HE AIN'T LYIN', BANG!
 LEM WOULDN'T BE
 HERE IF HIM AN' HIS
 BROTHER DISCOVERED
 ANYTHIN'! HE'D PLUMB
 DROP DEAD OF
 SHOCK!

NOPE!
 NOR REAL
 GOLD, NEITHER!

SALE
 ON
 M
 :00

SPEAKIN' OF
 PROPPIN' DEAD,
 HOW COME YUH
 AIN'T BEING
 MEASURED FUR
 A SHROUD,
 BANG?

PEOPLE
 GOT ME
 WRONG,
 LEM!
 I'M A
 RESPECTABLE
 CITIZEN! I
 PAY FOR MY
 DUDS! RIGHT
 DILBURT?

RIGHT!

AN HOUR LATER ...

HEY, DILBURT!
 WHERE ARE YUH?
 DON'T LET ME
 STAND HERE
 LIKE THIS! I
 FEEL LIKE A
 DUMMY!

I WON'T
 BE A
 MINUTE,
 LEM! I'M
 JUST
 FINISHING
 SOMETHING
 HERE FOR
 BANG
 WHARTON!

MANY HOURS LATER, AT THE LEAD
 CREEK HOTEL...

WHERE KIN LEM
 BE? IT SHOULDN'T
 TAKE THIS LONG TO
 BE MEASURED FUR
 A SUIT!

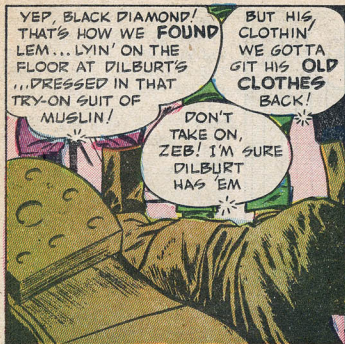
YOU'RE RIGHT,
 ZEB! LET'S GO
 DOWN TO
 DILBURT'S AND
 SEE WHAT
 HAPPENED TO
 HIM!

SHORTLY AFTER, AT DILBURT'S TAILOR
 SHOP...

L-LEM DEAD!
 ...SHOT! BY WHOM?
 WHY... LEM NEVER
 DID NOBODY NO
 HARM!

IT WAS
 A
 HOLDUP,
 ZEB! THEY
 CLEANED
 ME
 OUT!

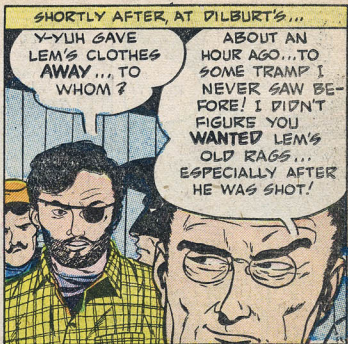
TAKE IT
 EASY,
 ZEB!
 LET'S
 SEE
 THE
 SHERIFF!



YEP, BLACK DIAMOND!
THAT'S HOW WE **FOUND**
LEM... LYIN' ON THE
FLOOR AT DILBURT'S
...DRESSED IN THAT
TRY-ON SUIT OF
MUSLIN!

BUT HIS
CLOTHIN'
WE GOTTA
GIT HIS **OLD**
CLOTHES
BACK!

DON'T
TAKE ON,
ZEB! I'M SURE
DILBURT
HAS 'EM



SHORTLY AFTER, AT DILBURT'S...
Y-YUH GAVE
LEM'S CLOTHES
AWAY... TO
WHOM?

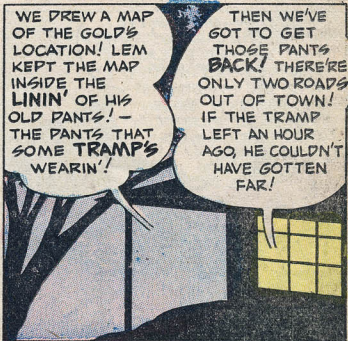
ABOUT AN
HOUR AGO...TO
SOME TRAMP I
NEVER SAW BE-
FORE! I DIDN'T
FIGURE YOU
WANTED LEM'S
OLD RAGS...
ESPECIALLY AFTER
HE WAS SHOT!



I DON'T
GET IT, ZEB!
WHY DO YOU
WANT LEM'S
OLD CLOTHES?
WHY'RE YOU
SO **UPSET**
ABOUT
IT?

I DIDN'T
MEAN TO SPREAD
THE NEWS TILL
LEM AN' ME FILED
THE CLAIM IN THE
MORNIN'! BUT WE
HIT IT, LEM AN' ME!
WE **STRUCK GOLD!**
THE RICHEST VEIN
IN THE
TERRITORY!

WESTERN
HATS



WE DREW A MAP
OF THE GOLD'S
LOCATION! LEM
KEPT THE MAP
INSIDE THE
LININ' OF HIS
OLD PANTS! -
THE PANTS THAT
SOME **TRAMP'S**
WEARIN'!

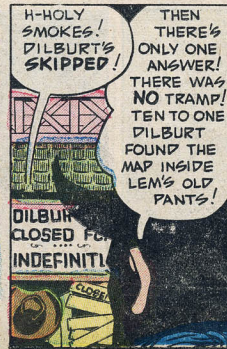
THEN WE'VE
GOT TO GET
THOSE PANTS
BACK! THERE'RE
ONLY TWO ROADS
OUT OF TOWN!
IF THE TRAMP
LEFT AN HOUR
AGO, HE COULDN'T
HAVE GOTTEN
FAR!



FIVE HOURS LATER, AT THE
EDGE OF TOWN...

NOT A
SIGN OF
HIM,
BLACK
DIAMOND!
HOW'D
YOU MAKE
OUT?

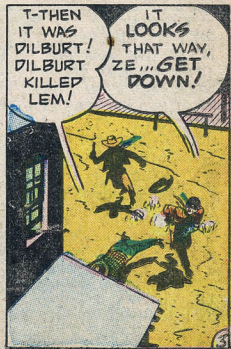
SAME!
LET'S GET A
DESCRIPTION
OF THAT
TRAMP FROM
DILBURT!
THE TRAMP
MAY HAVE
PUT UP RIGHT
HERE IN
LEAD CREEK!



H-HOLY
SMOKES!
DILBURT'S
SKIPPED!

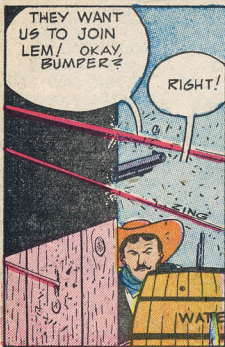
THEN
THERE'S
ONLY ONE
ANSWER!
THERE WAS
NO TRAMP!
TEN TO ONE
DILBURT
FOUND THE
MAP INSIDE
LEM'S OLD
PANTS!

DILBURT
CLOSED FOR
INDEFINITE



T-THEN
IT WAS
DILBURT!
DILBURT
KILLED
LEM!

IT
LOOKS
THAT WAY,
ZE...**GET**
DOWN!



THEY WANT US TO JOIN LEM! OKAY, BUMPER?

RIGHT!



WE GOT 'EM, BUMPER! LET'S SEE WHO THEY ARE!

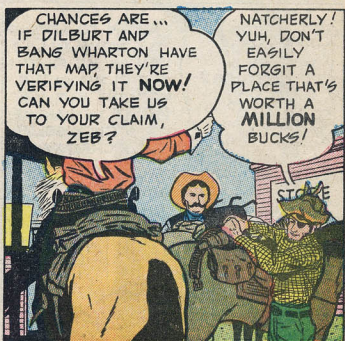


THE PLOT THICKENS! YOU KNOW WHO THESE OWL-HOOTS ARE? TWO OF BANG WHARTON'S SIDEWINDERS!

THEN BANG WHARTON WAS THE STICKUP-MAN DILBURT WAS TALKING ABOUT!



NO! WHARTON MIGHT'VE DONE THE KILLING! BUT THAT DOESN'T EXPLAIN THE MISSING PANTS AND THE MISSING MR. DILBURT! MORE THAN LIKELY DILBURT AND WHARTON WERE IN CAHOOTS!

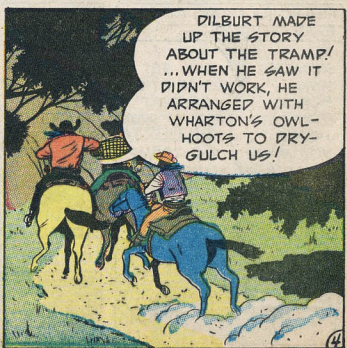


CHANCES ARE ... IF DILBURT AND BANG WHARTON HAVE THAT MAP, THEY'RE VERIFYING IT NOW! CAN YOU TAKE US TO YOUR CLAIM, ZEB?

NATCHERLY! YUH, DON'T EASILY FORGOT A PLACE THAT'S WORTH A MILLION BUCKS!



THE WAY I SEE IT ... DILBURT FOUND THE MAP IN LEM'S LINING! TO TAKE SUSPICION AWAY FROM HIM SELF, HE GOT WHARTON TO STAGE THE HOLDUP, INTENDING TO SPLIT WITH WHARTON!



DILBURT MADE UP THE STORY ABOUT THE TRAMP! ... WHEN HE SAW IT DIDN'T WORK, HE ARRANGED WITH WHARTON'S OWL-HOOTS TO DRY-GULCH US!

AS DAWN BROKE, THE FOLLOWING MORNING..

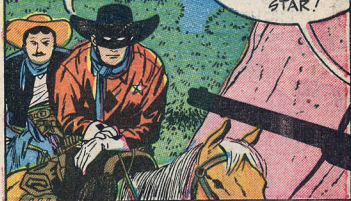
STAY WHERE Y'ARE, BLACK DIAMOND! YOU'RE TRESPASSIN' ON PROPERTY! I FILED CLAIM TO THIS LAND YESTER-DAY! PUSH OFF OR BE SHOT!

PSSTT... BLACK DIAMOND! WHARTON'S MADE A MISTAKE! THIS AIN'T LEM AN' MY CLAIM!



HEY, WHARTON! WHERE'S DILBURT? HE SKEDADDLED OUT OF LEAD CREEK LAST NIGHT! I FIGURED HE WAS WITH YOU!

WELL, YUH FIGGERED WRONG! HE AIN'T HERE! NOW VAMOOSE BEFORE I PUT A SLUG THROUGH YORE TIN STAR!



SHORTLY AFTER....

SOMETHING'S WRONG! OUR CLAIM IS FIVE MILES NORTH OF HERE!

THEN WHARTON'S GOT HIS HANDS ON THE WRONG MAP! CHANCES ARE HE'LL KNOW THAT BY NIGHT-FALL..WE'VE GOT TO PREPARE FOR IT!



THAT NIGHT...

MMPPPHHH!



I'LL MAKE YOU A DEAL, MY FRIEND! EITHER YOU TELL US WHERE DILBURT IS ...OR ELSE!

MMPPH!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

WHARTON INSISTED ON DILBURT'S COMIN' OUT TO THE CLAIM WITH US! DILBURT DIDN'T WANT TO COME... MEBBE HE HAD AN IDEA OF WHAT WHARTON MIGHT DO!

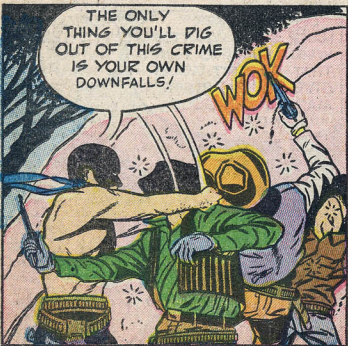
SHOT IN THE BACK! DILBURT WAS A FOOL! HE SHOULD'VE KNOWN BANG WHARTON WOULD NEVER SPLIT A GOLD MINE!



ON THE OTHER HAND, BANG WHARTON WAS A FOOL, TO THINK THAT DILBURT WOULD GIVE HIM THE RIGHT MAP TO THE GOLD FIND!

...T-THE'S IT! THAT'S OUR MAP!





"For Old Time's Sake"



Charlie Austin scowled at his daughter. "Eva," he said, "Not you nor nobody else is goin' to take me to California. Forty years ago I rode clear across the border of that state chasin' Blackjack Thorne 'fore I ketch'd up with 'im. I made it easy enough then by myself, and I reckon I can make it now!"

"You were a lot younger then, Dad," Eva protested. Charlie shot her an angry glance, and Eva was sorry she brought up the question of age. She knew how her father resented being called old.

"Thunderation!" Charlie roared. "There you go again! Seventy two ain't old — not for a Texan! Mebbe I ain't exac'ly in my prime, but I can handle myself as good as I did when I was!" In his prime Charlie Austin, then a sheriff, had bested some of the West's most notorious outlaws. Eva sighed and said no more — that is, not until the old man took his gunbelt down from a peg in his room, checked the chambers of his Colt .44, and finding it fully loaded thrust it back into the holster with a grunt of satisfaction. He strapped the gunbelt about his waist.

"Chuck!" Eva cried; and because of the urgent note in her voice her brother hurried into the room. "Chuck, Dad's taking his gun!"

Chuck turned to his father, but before he could say anything Charlie thrust his jaw out belligerently, as if daring Chuck to complain about him toting the sixgun. Chuck didn't open his mouth; he just looked helplessly at Eva and shrugged. The old sheriff's eyes twinkled; he could be cantankerous, he knew it, and he liked being that way. Fifteen minutes later Charlie Austin was packed and ready to leave the house. Chuck reached for his father's suitcases; Charlie drew them back and frowned at his son and daughter.

"You two goin' somewhere?" he demanded.



Chuck looked uneasy. "We're driving you to the station, Dad . . . I—er—I shipped Fire to the train on a truck. Figured you wouldn't be wanting to ride him all the way over . . ."

Charlie stomped out of the house, muttering something about "danged busybodies", climbed into the rear of the family car and allowed himself to be driven to the station at San Antonio. He was in a better mood before he boarded the train. He looked in at Fire; the chestnut pony had a section of a cattle car for himself, and was contentedly eating hay. Fire pawed the floor as a sign that he recognized Charlie, and the latter broke into a broad grin. It always made him happy to see his pony.

There were the memories, too. It made him happy to think back to the old days. He was remembering how it was the time he captured Jack McCall, the cowardly killer, who shot Wild Bill Hickok in the back. McCall had been desperate — if caught he'd hang — and like as not he'd have shot from ambush. Charlie had known that, but he went after the killer anyhow. There had been blazing guns, and when the smoke had cleared Jack McCall was sprawled on the ground — Yes, those were the days of quick death, of hard riding and fast shooting. Not like nowadays, Charlie mused. Only nineteen years since the turn of the century, and the country's gone soft. His own son driving a car; horses vanishing from the towns all too quickly. And here he was, on his way to Hollywood to give his advice in the making of a western movie. Ha! That's where the fighting's done now, Charlie reflected — on the movie screen!

And Charlie Austin looked forward to seeing his friends on the way; that's why he took the slow train west. It would stop to unload freight and mail at some of the larger towns, and he could visit some of his old cronies and talk about the better days. There was a stop at Amarillo, and Charlie had an hour to look up Matt Murdock. Matt had

been a rough customer back then, but Sheriff Charlie had tamed him; and when Matt got out of jail he and the sheriff had become good friends. But now when Charlie found Matt it was disappointing. Matt was behind the counter of a butcher shop — wrinkling, balding, and not at all the rip roaring bad-man of old.

"Drat it, Matt," Charlie growled, "you've let yourself grow old!"

"I am old," Matt smiled wearily. "—And so are you, whether you like it or not. Trouble is you been livin' with yourself so you can't notice how you change every day. But take my word for it, Charlie — you look every bit of your seventy-five years!"

"Seventy-two!" snapped Charlie. He hurried back to the train without having talked about the old days at all. And that's how it was all along the way: Those old friends were all disappointing; Charlie had remembered them as they were in their prime; time had moved on, but his memory had stood still, and he had pictured them all these years as looking the same as they did way back when . . .

"Sorry I got off the train at all," he mused. For the first time in his life Charlie Austin really felt old. He slumped down in his train seat; his eyelids drooped, and soon he was asleep. He slept a good part of the way through Arizona. It was near the Arizona-California border that the train squealed to a sudden stop; Charlie was thrown forward in his seat. All he could do now was dream about old times — and even his dream was rudely interrupted by the jolting stop.

Charlie's hand went to the butt of his six-gun before he sheepishly realized that he had been dreaming. He noticed that other passengers were looking out of the windows, and decided to step outside, stretch his legs, and see what had stopped the train in the middle of nowhere.

The old man stepped down from the car, squinted in the glare of the brilliant sun; then, while waiting for his eyes to become accustomed to the light, removed his jacket. The day was a scorcher. Ahead of Charlie Austin was the first coach of the mixed train; in front of that a mail car, a baggage car, the tender and finally the locomotive. He strolled forward casually, and stopped near the end of the mail car.

Not more than fifteen feet in front of the locomotive Charlie could make out the wagon now; there was no horse — just an empty wagon on the tracks . . . at least it looked empty. But when the engineer, the fireman and a conductor, facing the wagon, threw their hands up Charlie instinctively reached for his gun again. Suddenly, the conductor made a break for it. Two masked men suddenly appeared in the wagon, as though they had grown out of the floor; they rose together, and one sent a quick shot after the conductor, ripping his hat from his

head. The conductor threw himself forward as Charlie whipped out his .44 and fired from the hip. His bullet shrieked over the conductor's head. The latter fell flat, crying out "TRAIN ROBBERS!" A thrill ran through Charlie at those words.

The bullet found its mark. The first of the train robbers dropped his gun, swayed, and there was a look of surprise on his face. Even before he fell Charlie Austin sent another slug, and the second bandit pitched forward and tumbled out of the wagon. The old time sheriff was about to thrust his six-gun back into his holster when the storm broke: the door of the mail car was open. Four other masked men leaped out, two of them carrying small canvas bags . . . gold! They started pitching lead at Charlie even before they hit the ground. Charlie could feel two of the shots rip by his head uncomfortably close; but he didn't move out of his tracks. Up came that .44 again; Charlie's big gnarled hand fanned the hammer four times in lightning like succession. When the smoke cleared the four bandits were sprawled in the dust in grotesque positions.

It all happened quicker than the time it takes to tell — so fast that nobody but the bandits had a chance to take a good look at the old man, and they wouldn't be talking any more. Charlie calmly blew the smoke out of the gunbarrel, reloaded, and strolled back to his car. Other passengers cautiously peered out past him to the pile of would-be, train robbers.

"Lucky there weren't more than six of 'em," Charlie mused. He put on his jacket and buttoned it, so that his gunbelt was no longer visible. "—Else I'd have had to stop and reload!"

Ten minutes later the curious passengers re-boarded the train, speaking excitedly. There was a good deal of questioning as to who had killed the bandits, but nobody asked Charlie Austin. He was slumped down in his seat, hat over his face so nobody could see him smile. Naturally, nobody would expect an old man like that to be mixed up in a wild fracas anyhow. The train crew got the wagon off the tracks, buried the outlaws where they lay, and a half-hour later the train crossed the border into California.

Charlie Austin was quite a favorite around the movie lot. His pal movie actor Johnny Cleary, and all the others in cowboy garb, could listen to Charlie talk about Hickok, James, the Ketchum boys and Billy the Kid for hours at a time. He made them seem alive again.

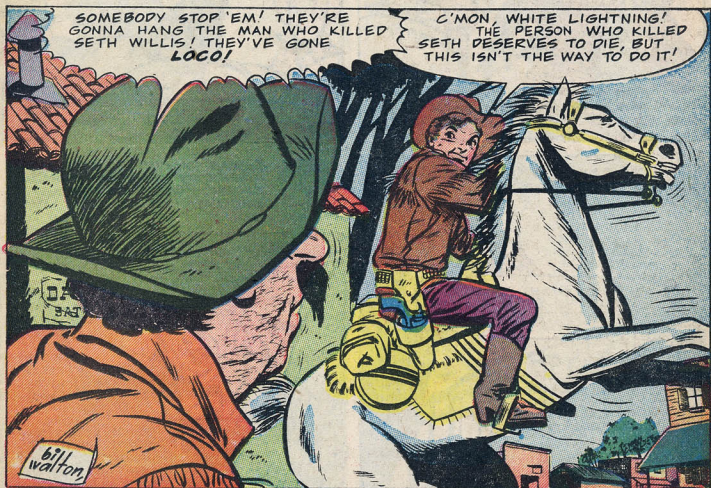
"I'd sure like to have been livin' in those days," drawled cowboy film hero Cleary. "Nothin' happens these days to compare with them old Wild West adventures!"

Charlie Austin grinned mysteriously. "I don't know about that," he said. "I reckon adventure can happen any time, anywhere, when you least expect it!"

IN THE OLD DAYS OF THE WEST, MEN DIDN'T RESPECT THE LAW THE WAY THEY DO TODAY. WHEN THEY HAD A GRIEVANCE, INSTEAD OF A LAWSUIT THEY GRABBED A SIX GUN. AND WHEN A CRIME HAD BEEN COMMITTED, THEY CHOSE A MOB INSTEAD OF A LAWMAN. BUT THEN AS NOW, A FREE PEOPLE MUST RELY ON DUE PROCESS OF LAW IF JUSTICE IS TO BE DONE. THIS FACT IS BROUGHT VIVIDLY HOME WHEN IT SEEMS THAT AN INNOCENT MAN IS THE VICTIM OF A ...

RED FIRE

"FRAME UP!"



SOMEBODY STOP 'EM! THEY'RE GONNA HANG THE MAN WHO KILLED SETH WILLIS! THEY'VE GONE LOCO!

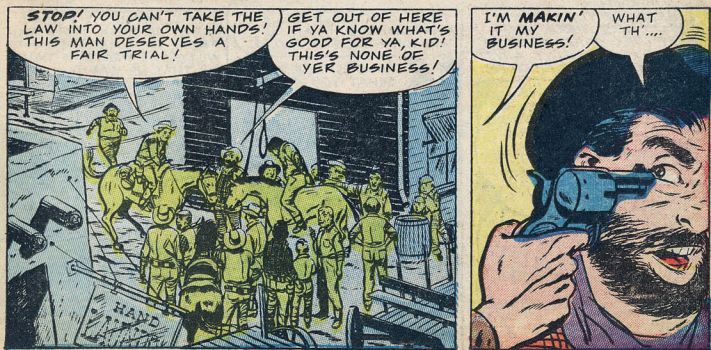
C'MON, WHITE LIGHTNING! THE PERSON WHO KILLED SETH DESERVES TO DIE, BUT THIS ISN'T THE WAY TO DO IT!

STOP! YOU CAN'T TAKE THE LAW INTO YOUR OWN HANDS! THIS MAN DESERVES A FAIR TRIAL!

GET OUT OF HERE IF YA KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YA, KID! THIS'S NONE OF YER BUSINESS!

I'M MAKIN' IT MY BUSINESS!

WHAT TH'...





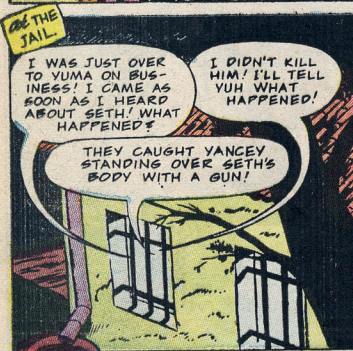
YOU MADE A BIG MISTAKE, KID! NO KID'S GONNA... UGGHHH!

NOT AS BIG AS YOURS! YOU'VE GOT A LOT TO LEARN!



I'M GONNA PUT THESE MEN IN JAIL, AND THE FIRST HOMBRE WHO TRIES TO STOP ME IS GOIN' WITH 'EM! C'MON, FELLA!

THE NAME'S YANCEY, AND DON'T WORRY... I'M COMIN'!



GET THE JAIL

I WAS JUST OVER TO YUMA ON BUSINESS! I CAME AS SOON AS I HEARD ABOUT SETH! WHAT HAPPENED?

I DIDN'T KILL HIM! I'LL TELL YUH WHAT HAPPENED!

THEY CAUGHT YANCEY STANDING OVER SETH'S BODY WITH A GUN!



I WAS TALKIN' TO SETH WHEN SOMEBODY SLUGGED ME FROM BEHIND. WHEN I CAME TO SETH WAS LAYIN' ON THE FLOOR AND SOMEBODY WAS SHOOTIN' AT ME!



I GRABBED THE GUN BUT NOBODY WAS THERE, SO I BENT OVER SETH'S BODY TO SEE IF HE WAS STILL ALIVE. AND THEN THEY BUSTED IN!

I... I DIDN'T DO IT!

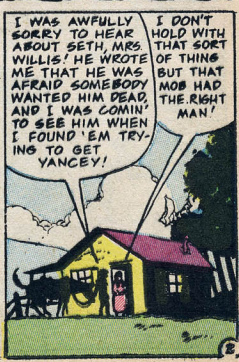
I BELIEVE WHAT I SEE, YANCEY! C'MON, BOYS... LET'S SHOW HIM HOW WE TREAT MURDERERS IN THIS TOWN!



THEY DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN! IF YOU HADN'T COME ALONGS...

THAT CHECK WITH WHAT YOU SAW?

YEAH...



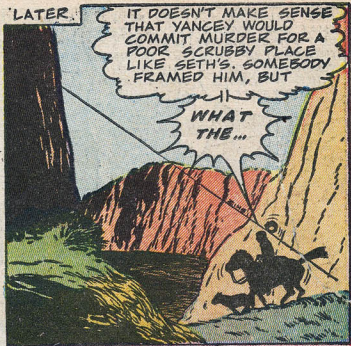
I WAS AWFULLY SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT SETH, MRS. WILLIS! HE WROTE ME THAT HE WAS AFRAID SOMEBODY WANTED HIM DEAD, AND I WAS COMIN' TO SEE HIM WHEN I FOUND 'EM TRYING TO GET YANCEY!

I DON'T HOLD WITH THAT SORT OF THING BUT THAT MOB HAD THE RIGHT MAN!



ACCORDIN' TO YANCEY'S STORY, HE'S INNOCENT! DON'T WORRY... I'LL GET THE GUILTY MAN!

YOU'VE GOT HIM IN JAIL RIGHT NOW... DON'T LET HIM GO!



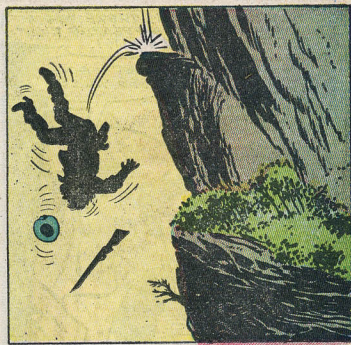
LATER...

IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE THAT YANCEY WOULD COMMIT MURDER FOR A POOR SCRUBBY PLACE LIKE SETH'S. SOMEBODY FRAMED HIM, BUT

WHAT THE...



MISSED ME! HE WON'T GET A SECOND... WHOA, BOY! WHOA!

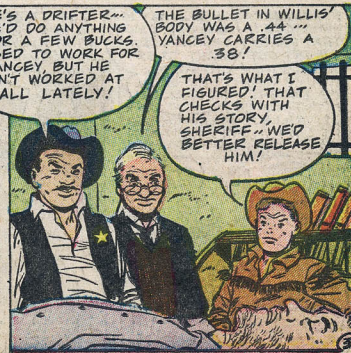


THE FALL KILLED HIM! LET'S GET THIS HOMBRE BACK TO TOWN, WOLF... AND FIND OUT WHO THINKS I'M TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE!

HE'S A DRIFTER... HE'D DO ANYTHING FOR A FEW BUCKS. USED TO WORK FOR YANCEY, BUT HE AIN'T WORKED AT ALL LATELY!

THE BULLET IN WILLIS' BODY WAS A .44... YANCEY CARRIES A 38!

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED! THAT CHECKS WITH HIS STORY, SHERIFF... WE'D BETTER RELEASE HIM!





ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS SMART, RED FIRE? MAYBE THE REST OF THIS TOWN AIN'T SO SURE YANCEY'S INNOCENT!

THEY WON'T TRY ANYTHING NOW! WE'VE GOTTA FIND THE MAN WHO KILLED SETH. WHO MIGHT'VE HAD A REASON? DID ANYONE WANT HIS RANCH?



WILLIS HAD THE POOREST LAND IN THE COUNTY... EVERYBODY KNEW THAT! YANCEY'S GOT MORE LAND THAN HE'S GOT CATTLE.... RIGHT NOW... AND HE'S GOT A HEAP OF CATTLE!

SOMEBODY WANTED WILLIS OUT OF THE WAY. LET'S GO SEE THE MEN WHO FOUND WILLIS AND YANCEY!



WE DON'T KNOW WHO HATED WILLIS ENOUGH TO KILL HIM! WE'RE SURE GLAD WE DIDN'T STRING UP YANCEY, NOW THAT YOU'VE PROVED HE'S INNOCENT!

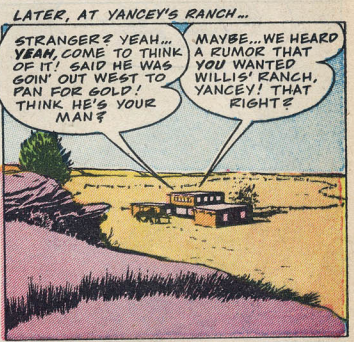
HAVE THERE BEEN ANY STRANGERS AROUND TOWN? MAYBE SOMEBODY THOUGHT THE OLD MAN HAD SOME MONEY STASHED AWAY!



YEAH...YEAH, THAT'S IT! THERE WAS A YOUNG FELLA... HE DISAPPEARED RIGHT AFTER WE FOUND WILLIS!

THAT'S OUR MAN!

LET'S GO SEE YANCEY!



LATER, AT YANCEY'S RANCH...

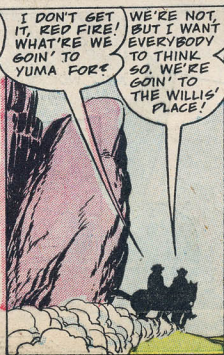
STRANGER? YEAH... YEAH, COME TO THINK OF IT! SAID HE WAS GOIN' OUT WEST TO PAN FOR GOLD! THINK HE'S YOUR MAN?

MAYBE...WE HEARD A RUMOR THAT YOU WANTED WILLIS' RANCH, YANCEY! THAT RIGHT?



SURE, THAT'S NO SECRET! THAT'S WHY I WENT OUT TO SEE HIM! I SURE WISH I'D BOUGHT IT BEFORE HE GOT KILLED FOR IT!

YEAH... THAT IS TOO BAD! 'C'MON SHERIFF... I WANT TO GET TO YUMA BEFORE DARK!



I DON'T GET IT, RED FIRE! WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO YUMA FOR?

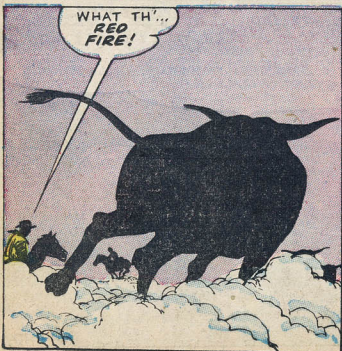
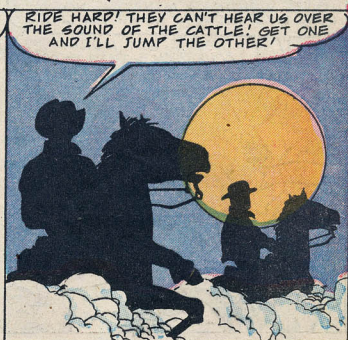
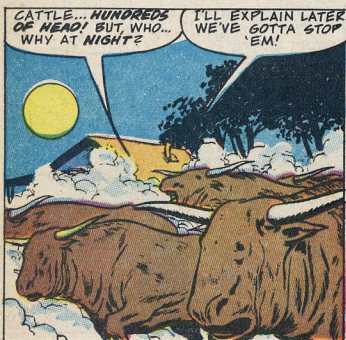
WE'RE NOT, BUT I WANT EVERYBODY TO THINK SO. WE'RE GOIN' TO THE WILLIS' PLACE!

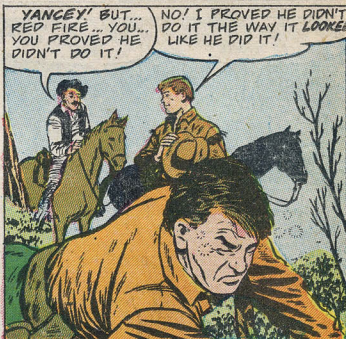


SOME TIME LATER...

LEAVE TOWN? NO! WHY SHOULD I?

I THINK I KNOW WHO KILLED SETH, BUT I CAN'T PROVE IT AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE! PLEASE TRUST ME!





the END

RANGE WAR!

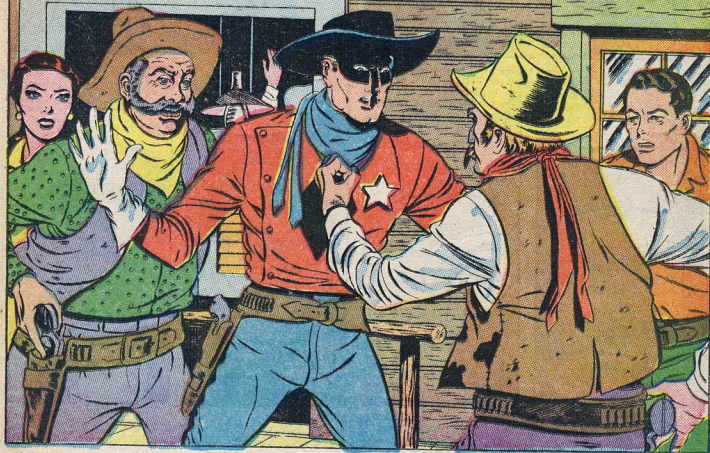
BLUE VALLEY HAD BAD LUCK WITH ITS CATTLEMEN AND SHEEPHERDERS... ONE ACT OF VEHEMENCE AFTER ANOTHER! OR WAS IT MERELY A MATTER OF LUCK? WHATEVER THE FACTS WERE, BLACK DIAMOND FOUND HIMSELF TRAPPED IN A NET OF PASSIONS IN WHICH SHEEPHERDER AND CATTLEMAN WERE PITTED IN A DUEL OF HATRED THAT COULD ONLY HAVE ENDED IN A **RANGE WAR!**

STORY BY
MYRON FERG

YOU SIDE-WINDER!
NOT ONLY ARE YOUR
MANGY SHEEP RUIN-
ING THE GRAZING
LAND, BUT YOU'RE
RUSTLING MY
CATTLE
BESIDES!

NOW,
TAKE IT
EASY, MEN!
THIS CAN BE
TALKED OUT!

WHY YOU DANG-
BLASTED POLE CAT!
WHAT WOULD I WANT
WITH YOUR FLEA-
BITTEN STEERS?

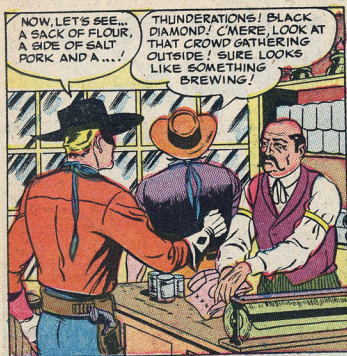


BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER ARE TWO FELLOWS WHO ALWAYS WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL... ALWAYS READY TO FIGHT FOR A GOOD CAUSE WITH COURAGE AND ABILITY... ONE DAY AS THE HARD RIDING MARSHAL AND BUMPER ENTERED THE LITTLE TOWN OF BLUE VALLEY...

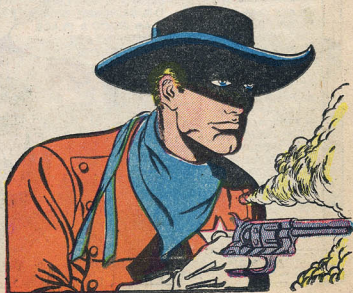
LOOKS TO ME LIKE THE GENERAL STORE IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO GET SUPPLIES!

RIGHT, BUMPER! WE'LL STOCK UP AND MOVE ON. THINGS LOOK MIGHTY QUIET HEREABOUTS!





SUDDENLY, BLACK DIAMOND'S GUNS ROARS WITH AUTHORITY...



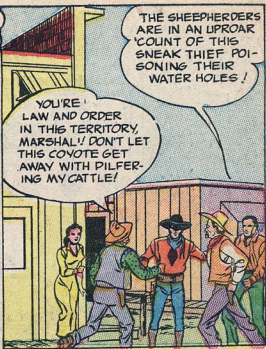
AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED...



OWW...MY HAND!

IT'S MY DUTY AS MARSHAL TO GIVE YOU MEN FAIR WARNING! STOP OR I'LL TOSS YOU BOTH IN THE JUG!

HOLY HANNAH! THAT HOMBRE MUST BE BLACK DIAMOND—TOP GUN IN THE WEST!



YOU'RE LAW AND ORDER IN THIS TERRITORY, MARSHAL!! DON'T LET THIS COVOTE GET AWAY WITH PILFERING MY CATTLE!

THE SHEEPHERDERS ARE IN AN UPROAR 'COUNT OF THIS SNEAK THIEF POISONING THEIR WATER HOLES!



POISONING? WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, YOU ORNERY....

RECKON I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS BICKERING...! I'LL LOCK YOU BOTH UP, UNTIL YOU COOL OFF!

NOW, HOLD ON! JUST A SECOND THERE, MISTER.!



WHY DON'T YOU PICK ON HOMBRES YOUR OWN SIZE?

YOU SEEM TO BE MY SIZE...AND A MITE LEFT OVER!

SALOON



OKAY, THEN! THIS'LL STOP YOUR MEDDLING!

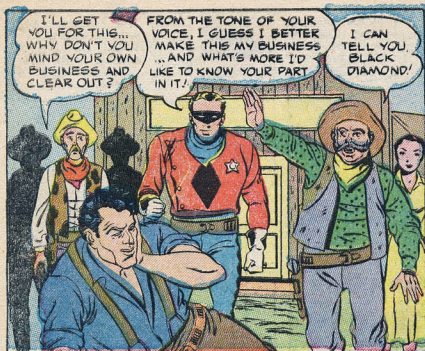


NOW IT LOOKS LIKE MY TURN, MISTER.



GUESS THIS'LL CUT YOU DOWN TO SIZE, MISTER!

WITH STARTLING AGILITY, BLACK DIAMOND HALTS THE ATTACK BY UNLEASHING A TREMENDOUS LEFT CROSS...



I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS... WHY DON'T YOU MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND CLEAR OUT?

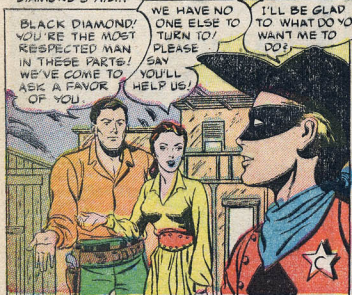
FROM THE TONE OF YOUR VOICE, I GUESS I BETTER MAKE THIS MY BUSINESS... AND WHAT'S MORE I'D LIKE TO KNOW YOUR PART IN IT!

I CAN TELL YOU, BLACK DIAMOND!



HE'S HANK BARRON, A NEIGHBORING RANCHER! AND I WISH MY DAUGHTER WOULD HITCH UP WITH HIM RATHER THAN THAT NO'COUNT SHEEPHERD'S SON.

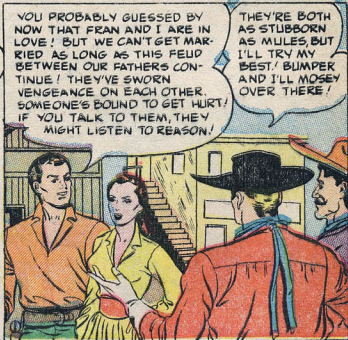
LATER, WHEN THEIR RESPECTIVE PARENTS DEPARTED, FRAN AND JOHNNY TRIED TO ENLIST BLACK DIAMOND'S AID...



BLACK DIAMOND! YOU'RE THE MOST RESPECTED MAN IN THESE PARTS! WE'VE COME TO ASK A FAVOR OF YOU.

WE HAVE NO ONE ELSE TO TURN TO! PLEASE! SAY YOU'LL HELP US!

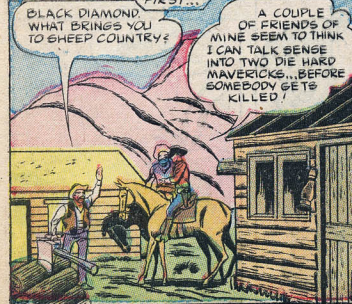
I'LL BE GLAD TO WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?



YOU PROBABLY GUESSED BY NOW THAT FRAN AND I ARE IN LOVE! BUT WE CAN'T GET MARRIED AS LONG AS THIS FEUD BETWEEN OUR FATHERS CONTINUE! THEY'VE SWORN VENGEANCE ON EACH OTHER. SOMEONE'S BOUND TO GET HURT! IF YOU TALK TO THEM, THEY MIGHT LISTEN TO REASON!

THEY'RE BOTH AS STUBBORN AS MULES, BUT I'LL TRY MY BEST! BUMPER AND I'LL MOSEY OVER THERE!

QUICKLY THE KEEN-MINDED MARSHAL DECIDES ON A PLAN OF ACTION! HE VISITS DAWSON'S RANCH FIRST...



BLACK DIAMOND, WHAT BRINGS YOU TO SHEEP COUNTRY?

A COUPLE OF FRIENDS OF MINE SEEM TO THINK I CAN TALK SENSE INTO TWO DIE HARD MAVERICKS... BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS KILLED!



WELL I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANYONE HURT, BUT NEITHER AM I GOING TO BE DRIVEN OFF THE GRAZING LAND!

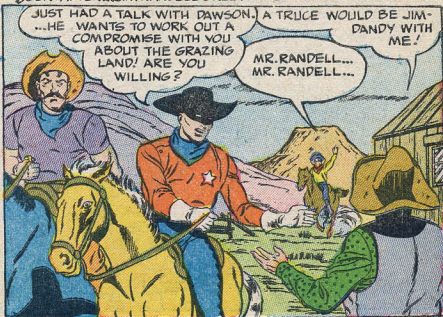
NO ONE HAS TO BE DRIVEN AWAY! THERE'S PLENTY OF LAND FOR ALL! WHY DON'T YOU DIVVY IT UP SO THE SHEEP CAN GRAZE IN THE HILLS AND THE CATTLE ON THE FLAT LAND?



WELL, I'M WILLING TO WORK OUT SOMETHING, IF RANDELL WILL COOPERATE!

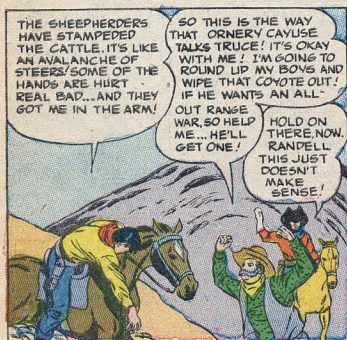
SWELL, I'LL JOGGLE RIGHT ALONG TO RANDELL'S PLACE AND PUT IT UP TO HIM!

SOON AFTER...JIM RANDELL GREETES THE ARRIVING MARSHAL...



JUST HAD A TALK WITH DAWSON. A TRUCE WOULD BE JIM-DANDY WITH ME! ...HE WANTS TO WORK OUT A COMPROMISE WITH YOU ABOUT THE GRAZING LAND! ARE YOU WILLING?

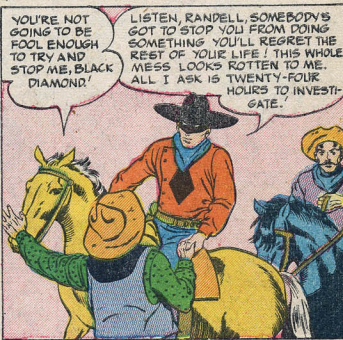
MR. RANDELL... MR. RANDELL...



THE SHEEPHERDERS HAVE STAMPEDED THE CATTLE. IT'S LIKE AN AVALANCHE OF STEERS! SOME OF THE HANDS ARE HURT REAL BAD...AND THEY GOT ME IN THE ARM!

SO THIS IS THE WAY THAT ORNERY CAYUSE TALKS TRUCE! IT'S OKAY WITH ME! I'M GOING TO ROLIND UP MY BOYS AND WIPE THAT COVOTE OUT! IF HE WANTS AN ALL-OUT RANGE WAR, SO HELP ME... HE'LL GET ONE!

HOLD ON THERE, NOW. RANDELL THIS JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BE FOOL ENOUGH TO TRY AND STOP ME, BLACK DIAMOND!

LISTEN, RANDELL, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO STOP YOU FROM DOING SOMETHING YOU'LL REGRET THE REST OF YOUR LIFE! THIS WHOLE MESS LOOKS ROTTEN TO ME. ALL I ASK IS TWENTY-FOUR HOURS TO INVESTIGATE.

AT THE SCENE OF THE STAMPEDE...



LOOK AT THESE TRACKS BEHIND THE BOULDERS! MUST BE WHERE THE OWLHOOTS HID!

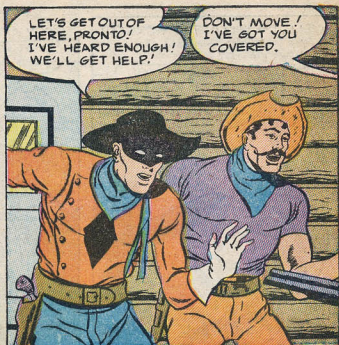
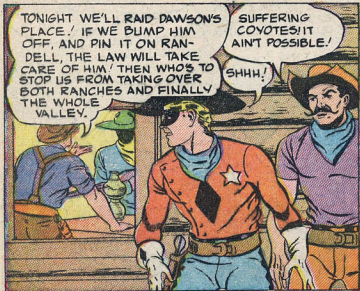
LET'S BACKTRACK THESE AND SEE WHERE THEY STARTED.



WELL, I'LL BE... THE TRACKS LEAD RIGHT PLUMB UP TO HANK BARRON'S RANCH! I'VE GOT A FEELING THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS SET-UP!

I HAVE A STRONG HUNCH WE'RE CLOSE TO THE ANSWER!

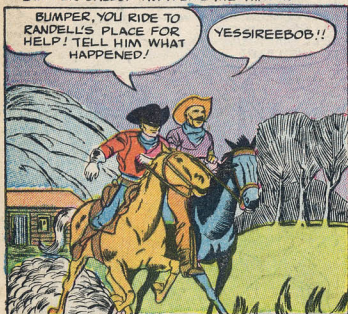
MOVING UP TO A CABIN AS SILENTLY AS STALKING INDIANS, BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER ACCIDENTLY OVERHEAR A CONVERSATION...



AFTER THE OWLHOOTS LEAVE, BUMPER'S STEEL-MUSCLED FRAME BURSTS INTO MOTION...STRAINING TO BREAK HIS BONDS...



LEAPING ON THEIR HORSES, BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER GALLOP AWAY LIKE THE WIND...



BUMPER, YOU RIDE TO RANDELL'S PLACE FOR HELP! TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED!

YESSIREEBOB!!

SOON AFTER... AT THE DAWSON RANCH...



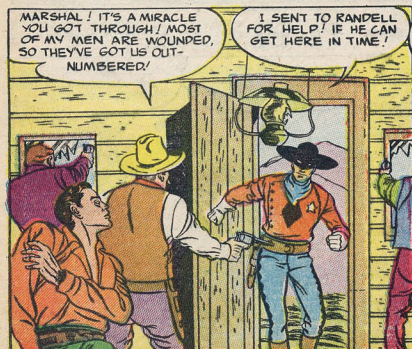
THEY'VE GOT THE PLACE BLOCKADED... DAWSON'S LIFE ISN'T WORTH A LEAD CARTWHEEL, IF I DON'T GET THROUGH THOSE GUN-SLINGERS... I'VE GOT TO RISK IT!

UNHESITATINGLY BLACK DIAMOND RIDES INTO A HAIL OF DEADLY GUN FIRE...



HERE'S LEAD FOR YOU, MARSHAL!

HE'S AS FAST AS GREASED LIGHTNING! HOW DID HE GET LOOSE?



MARSHAL! IT'S A MIRACLE YOU GOT THROUGH! MOST OF MY MEN ARE WOUNDED, SO THEY'VE GOT US OUT-NUMBERED!

I SENT TO RANDELL FOR HELP! IF HE CAN GET HERE IN TIME!

HE WON'T SHOW UP! I'VE NEVER KNOWN A CATTLE-MAN YET WHO'D HELP A SHEEPHERDER!

UNLESS I'M DEAD WRONG IN JUDGING PEOPLE... RANDELL WILL GET HERE.





IT BETTER BE SOON... WE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER! MAYBE DAD IS RIGHT AFTER ALL.

LUCKILY, YOU'RE BOTH WRONG! HERE HE COMES RIGHT NOW



WE'VE GOT THEM IN A CROSSFIRE, MEN! SURRENDER, YOU POLECATS OR WE'LL START PUMPING LEAD!

DON'T SHOOT! WE GIVE UP!

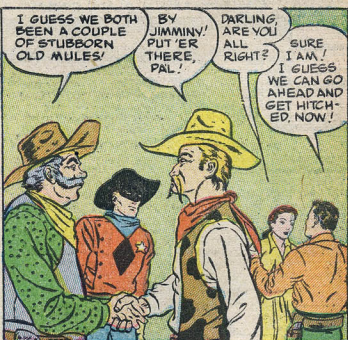
LET'S ROUND THEM UP!



BARRON! YOU YELLOW LIVERED...

AWW... PIPE DOWN! IF NOT FOR BLACK DIAMOND, I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN BOTH YOU OLD COOTS!

LET'S GO, BARRON! THERE'S A NICE WARM CELL WAITING FOR YOU!



I I GUESS WE BOTH BEEN A COUPLE OF STUBBORN OLD MULES!

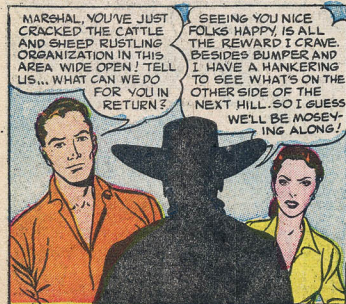
BY JIMMINY! PUT 'ER THERE, PAL!

DARLING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SURE I AM! I GUESS WE CAN GO AHEAD AND GET HITCHED NOW!

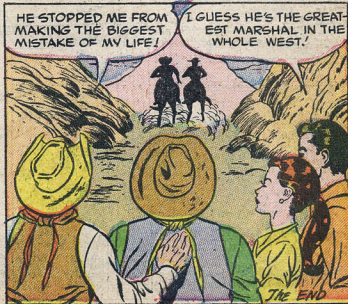
THEIR JOB OF RESTORING THE PEACE OVER... BLACK DIAMOND AND BUMPER PREPARE TO LEAVE...

STILL LATER... TWO MEN AND THEIR HORSES HEAD TOWARD THE HORIZON...



MARSHAL, YOU'VE JUST CRACKED THE CATTLE AND SHEEP RUSTLING ORGANIZATION IN THIS AREA WIDE OPEN! TELL US... WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU IN RETURN?

SEEING YOU NICE FOLKS HAPPY, IS ALL THE REWARD I CRAVE. BESIDES BUMPER AND I HAVE A HANKERING TO SEE WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE NEXT HILL. SO I GUESS WE'LL BE MOSEYING ALONG!



HE STOPPED ME FROM MAKING THE BIGGEST MISTAKE OF MY LIFE!

I GUESS HE'S THE GREATEST MARSHAL IN THE WHOLE WEST!

THE END

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RUSH POSTPAID AND ABSOLUTELY FREE the big, valuable Harford Frocks Style Display so I can start quickly making extra money in spare time and getting my personal dresses without paying one penny for them.

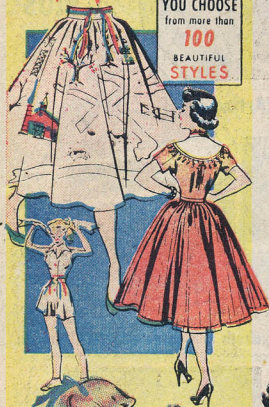
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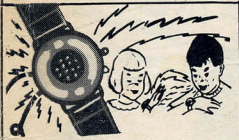


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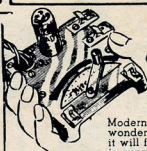


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